That all the treasons of these eighteene yeares
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
Further I say and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glosters* death,
Suggest his soone beleeving adversaries,
And consequently like a Traytor Coward,
Stuc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cryes,
(Even from the tongueless cavernes of the earth)
To me for Iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arme shall doe it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares;
Thomas of *Norfolke*, what sayest thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my soveraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so fowle a lyer.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he our brother, nay, our Kingdomes heire,
As he is but our fathers brothers sonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neerenesse to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmenesse of our upright soule.
He is our subiect (*Mowbray*) so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke* as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my soveraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lye. For *Glosters* death.

I slew him not; but (to m
Neglected my sworne dut
For you my Noble Lord
The honourable father to
Once I did lay an ambush
A trespasse that doth vex
But ere I last receiv'd the
I did confesse it, and exact
Your Graces pardon, and
This is my fault: as for the
It issues from the rancour
A recreant, and most deger
Which in my selfe I boldl
And enterchangeably hurl
Vpon this overweening T
To prove my selfe a loyall
Even in the best blood cha
In haste whereof, most hea
Your Highnesse to assigne

King. Wrath kindled G
Let's purge this choller wi
This we prescribe, thoug
Deepe malice makes too c
Forget, forgive, conclude, a
Our Doctors say, this is n
Good Vncle, let this end w
Wee'l calme the Duke of

Gaunt. To be a make-pe
Throw downe (my sonne)

King. And *Norfolke*, thr

Gaunt. When *Harry* wh
Obedience bids, I should

King. Norfolke, throw do

Mow. My selfe I throw
dy life thou shalt comma
The one my duty owes, b
Despight of death that liv
To darke dishonours use,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA